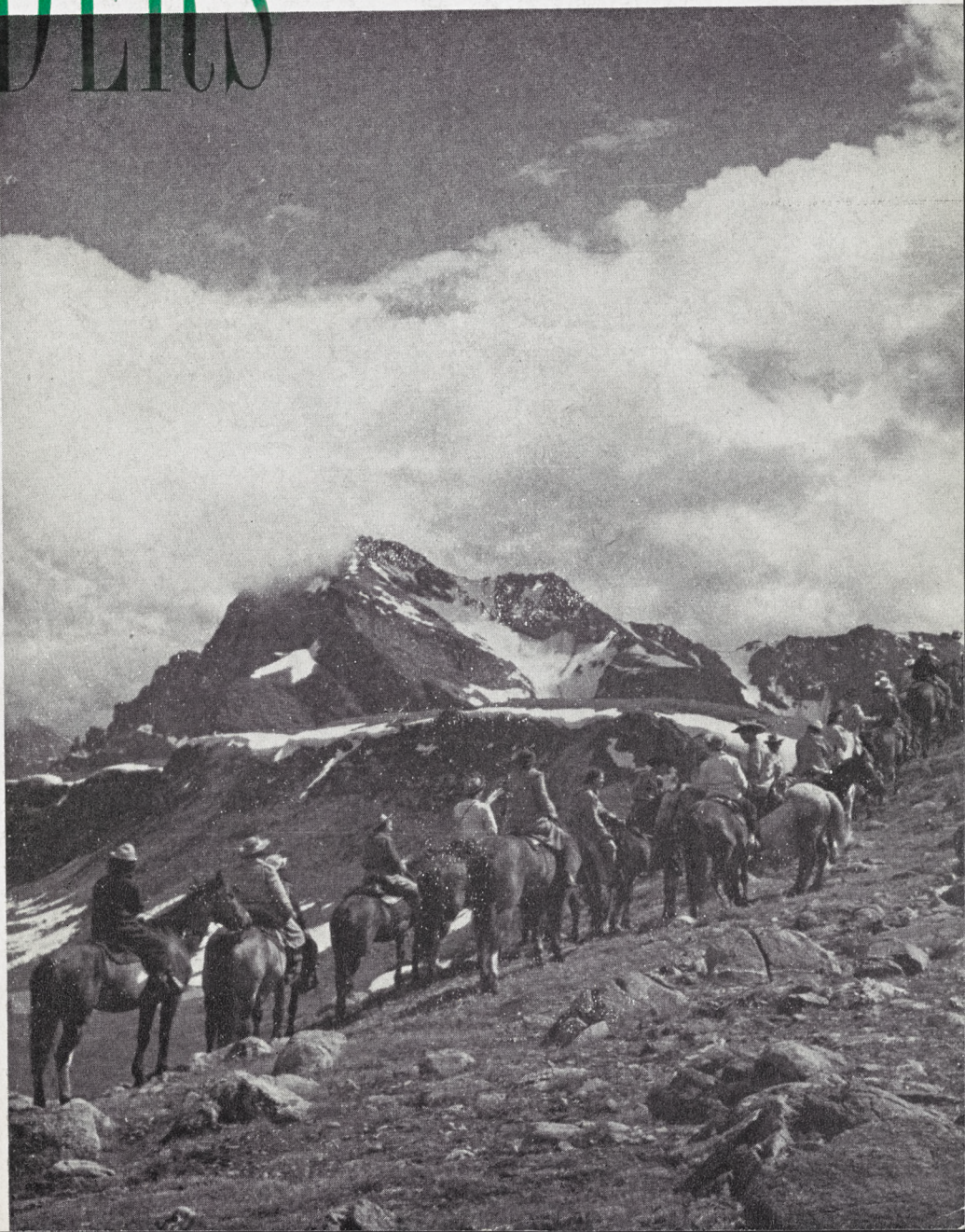


TRAIL RIDERS



No. 93
DECEMBER
1952



• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '52 •

First Ride:

ALLEN, Miss Della E., 4412 Marguerite St., Vancouver, B.C.
 ANGELROTH, Harold H., 3711 E. Plankinton Ave., Cudahy, Wis.
 ANGELROTH, Mrs. Harold H., 3711 E. Plankinton Ave., Cudahy, Wis.
 APPERSON, Mrs. H. B., Jr., P.O. Box 1765, Great Falls, Mont.
 BRAKENRIDGE, Miss Margaret, 3450 West 3rd Ave., Vancouver 8, B.C.
 BRINKOP, Dr. Hanna, Victoria Hospital, London, Ont.
 BUCK, Miss Charlotte, Housatonic, Mass.
 CARTWRIGHT, Miss Madge, 2617 West 5th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 CHAFFEE, Miss Raleigh, Oak Ridge Farm, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
 CHETWYND, A., 53 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
 CLEVELAND, Miss Bernice, 316 Ashbourne Rd., Elkins Park 17, Pa.
 CLEVELAND, Miss Connie, 316 Ashbourne Rd., Elkins Park 17, Pa.
 CRUMP, Miss Ann, 12 Kilburn Cresc., Montreal, Que.
 EDMONDS, Miss D. M., 207 Norfolk St., Simcoe, Ont.
 FAZACKERLEY, Miss Marjorie M., 10935 — 82nd Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 FUNK, Miss Mandy, 1230 Jericho Rd., Arlington, Pa.
 GILLIES, Miss Suzanne, 11006 — 89th Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 HARRINGTON, Richard, 12 Castle View Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.
 HARRINGTON, Mrs. Richard, 12 Castle View Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.
 HAYWARD, Mrs. H. W., 2495 Mariette, Montreal, Que.
 HIGH, Miss Sissy, York Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.
 HOEPNER, Miss Lois, 122 So. Bruner St., Hinsdale, Ill.
 HOEPNER, Miss Mary Ellen, 122 So. Bruner St., Hinsdale, Ill.
 HOLDEN, Miss Dorothy K., 1916 — 31st Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 HOYT, Miss Cynthia, Bordman St., Sheffield, Mass.
 HUNSICKER, Miss Carol, 115 St. James Ave., Merchantville, N.J.
 KNIGHT, Miss Ethel, P.O. Box 148, Banff, Alta.
 KNOTT, M. Thos., 1126 Vance Ave., Coraopolis, Pa.
 KYLES, Colin J., 450 East 20th St., North Vancouver, B.C.
 KYLES, J. A., 450 East 20th St., North Vancouver, B.C.
 LAIDLAW, F. L., 2414 East 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 LAIDLAW, Miss Lois, 2414 East 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 LAW, Miss Jessie G., U.C.M.S., 222 S. Downey Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
 LEAHEY, Robert R., 2817 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.
 LIPPINCOTT, Miss Eleanor, 201 Howard St., Riverton, N.J.
 MARSDEN, Wm., Film and Photographic Branch, Dept. of Economic Affairs,
 Province of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 MABERRY, Mrs. Ruth, 928 Riverdale Ave., Calgary, Alta.
 McBRIDE, Robt., General Delivery, Calgary, Alta.
 McLAUGHLIN, Miss Enid, 13112 Churchill Cresc., Edmonton, Alta.
 McNAIR, C. S., P.O. Box 1765, Great Falls, Mont.
 McNAIR, Miss Diana, P.O. Box 1765, Great Falls, Mont.
 MOORE, Miss Hazell, 1015 West 13th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 NORMINTON, J. A., 1037 St. George Ave., N. Vancouver, B.C.
 PEARSON, G. A., 6325 Third Ave. North, St. Petersburg, Fla.
 REEVES, Miss Nancy, Southampton, Pa.
 RENNIE, Miss Barbara, Lake Louise, Alta.
 RICHARDSON, Miss Ann, P.O. Box No. 211, Comox, B.C.
 ROUND, F. W. E., Film and Photographic Branch, Dept. of Economic Affairs,
 Province of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 RUSSELL, Miss Marilyn, Ponoka, Alta.
 SINCLAIR, Douglas, 124 Thompson St., New York 12, N.Y.
 SMITH, Miss Elizabeth G., 121 Township Line, Jenkintown, Pa.
 STRANDBERG, Miss Brita, 475 Sylvania Ave., Glenside, Pa.
 TURNER, Geo. P., Jr., 18 Douglas Cresc., Toronto, Ont.
 VAUGHAN, Miss Carol H., 2650 Beach Drive, Victoria, B.C.
 VERKUIL, Mrs. J. M., Banff, Alta.
 WILLOX, Miss Jean, 1015 West 13th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 WRIGGINS, Miss Natalie, Hidden Glen, Meadowbrook, Pa.

(Continued on Page 31)

Baker Lake Country Choice for '53 Rides

WITH eight months to go, you may think we're beating the gun a bit by discussing such distant attractions as next year's trail rides.

Time flies, however, and we feel it's not too early for members or prospective members to make tentative plans to attend our 30th annual camp which, we hope, will set a new record for good attendance, good fun and good fellowship.

Even at this early date, we can let you in on a few details. First of all, the dates. The first ride (five days) will be held from Friday, July 17th through Tuesday, July 21st, while the six-day ride is slated for Friday, July 24th through Wednesday, July 29th.

Our base camp will be established in the Baker Lake country north of Lake Louise, and reached by a trail of some 12 miles along Baker Creek from a point on the Banff-Lake Louise highway. Trail Riders will be transported to this point by bus from Banff.

The area is noted for fine fishing, fine flowers, and fine photography—all this for a little fine footwork. Our trails will be punctuated by such beauty spots as Ptarmigan, Skoki and Redoubt Lakes; Fossil, Brachiopod and Tilted Mountains and several spectacular passes.

Additional information covering the 1953 rides is contained in the new folder "Riding High" which will be sent by the Secretary-Treasurer on request.

● Editorial bouquets are presented herewith to all whose literary contributions are featured in this issue of the Bulletin. We feel that these have given added zip and zest to the little mag.

We regret that limited space has made it impossible to include all material sent in. Much of this, however, will be utilized in subsequent issues.

Literary "Hall of fame" line-up this month includes: Lyn Harrington, Ethel Knight, Naomi Bristol, Phoebe Erskine MacKellar and Nina LeBoutillier.

All photos, except those otherwise marked, are by Fred L. Laidlaw of Vancouver.

"Trail Riders"

*Official Publication of the Trail Riders
of the Canadian Rockies.*

Address all Bulletin material to

GRAHAM NICHOLS

Secretary-Treasurer and Editor

Room 294, Windsor Station

Montreal, Que., Canada

Plan Memorial For John Murray Gibbon

DURING the past summer, the ashes of Dr. John Murray Gibbon were interred in the cemetery at Banff, following an impressive ceremony attended by large numbers of Trail Riders and Skyline Trail Hikers, as well as the general public. It was Dr. Gibbon's wish that his last resting place should be in the heart of the Rockies of Canada that were so dear to him and in which he spent so many happy days.

It has been thought that a memorial to the founder of the Trail Riders and the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies should be erected and placed over his grave, and arrangements have been made to have Charles Beil, of Banff, design a suitable bronze plaque for this purpose. This would be placed on a pedestal of rock from a neighboring mountain.

To meet the cost of this memorial, it has been decided to make an appeal to members of the Trail Riders and Skyline Trail Hikers for the necessary funds, knowing that such an appeal will meet with ready response, not only from early members who recall with pleasure their association with Dr. Gibbon on the annual rides and hikes, but also from those who continue to enjoy these annual outings in the Rockies.

Contributions to the John Murray Gibbon Memorial Fund should be sent to Graham Nichols, Secretary Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alta. Donations will be acknowledged promptly by receipt and names of donors listed in subsequent issues of TRAIL RIDERS and SKYLINE TRAIL. Comments and suggestions from contributing members would also be welcomed.

Dan McCowan

Hike Camp Just Right For Nostalgic Riders

Most of us admit that trail ride days end all too soon. It seems that we're just getting accustomed to good old camp life when it's "Everybody Up!" for that last trek back to civilization.

If it affects you this way, we have a suggestion to make. Why not join the annual five-day camp of your sister association, the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies?

With the exception of substituting footwork for horsepower, the Skyliners conduct their camp exactly as the Trail Riders do. They use the same tepees, eat from the same menu, and frequently hike the same area.

Dates for the 1953 hike camp are Saturday, August 1st, through Wednesday, August 5th, with base camp at the foot of Ptarmigan Pass. For further particulars please write the Secretary-Treasurer.

By the fireside at Kananaskis Ranch or in the glow of a blazing campfire we can always count on smiles by the mile when Lib Smith and her talented young troupers are present. Most of us have seen them at their smilingest and singingest in camp. View (below) shows them true to form at the Ranch where they stayed before and after the first ride. "Miss Lib" is seen standing, second from left.

Welcome, Trail Riders!

• Trail Riders everywhere—in the U.S.A., Canada and Overseas! To all, I extend my warmest greetings. And to all, I extend a cordial invitation to attend the 30th annual trail rides next summer in the magnificent Canadian Rockies.

To the alumni, any attempt to describe the scenic grandeur of the mountains, the new thrills of each day's ride, and the good fellowship prevailing at evening campfire, would be quite inadequate.

To the newcomers, I can truthfully state that a new and thrilling experience awaits you—one that will be long remembered and cherished.

Many of our friends, now serving across the seas, have participated in past trail rides. It is my sincerest wish that they too will soon be gathered around our campfire as free men.

And here's a "P.S." for all trout fishermen! Don't forget your rod and tackle. The trail ride has offered me the finest fishing I've ever experienced. It's the thrill of a lifetime.

There is just no other trip where one can combine scenic beauty, the best of fellowship and good fishing all in one. Be seen' you!

H. J. VANEK, *President*





President Vanek with family and pet terrier. All share love of outdoors. Mr. and Mrs. Vanek attended '47 ride.

The new president and friend.

An Introduction to Our New President

THOSE who attended the 1947 trail ride, or who live in Menomonie, Wis., or who attended our annual executive meeting this summer, may be excused from reading any farther.

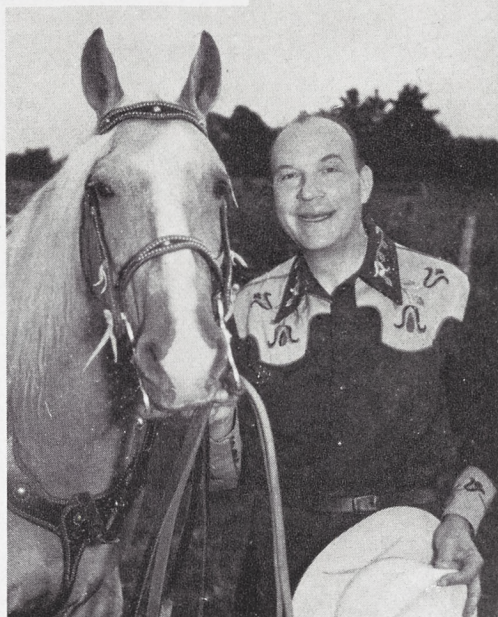
They already know that Trail Riders were definitely "in the groove" when they elected to the presidency the genial, popular and highly capable Dr. H. J. Vanek, whose name has been listed with the vice-presidents for several seasons past.

They must know too that Dr. Vanek, who wears the association's silver button, is a "natural" for the office of chief executive. An enthusiastic horseman, a lover of the outdoors, and a member of several prominent associations, he has sufficient qualifications to assure members a better than "fair deal" on next summer's rides.

To add to these qualifications, he has an equally popular wife, who also wears the "hundred miles plus" button for Rocky Mountain trail riding, and four male potential trail riders, who all love horses, dogs, hunting, fishing and practically any outdoors sports you can mention.

Born in historic Prairie du Chien, Wis., President Vanek admits he was subject to the usual boyhood growing pains. He then lived a carefree "Huckleberry Finn" existence with even the broad Missouri as a backdrop. He enjoyed the general run of boyhood adventures, with the accent on "just fishin". He confesses that school interfered at regular intervals.

After serving with the U.S. Marines in World War I, Dr. Vanek continued his studies at high school where he distinguished himself in football, basketball and track. He attended Chamion College at Prairie du Chien as a "pre-medic" for one year before entering the College of Dentistry, Marquette



University, in Milwaukee, of which he is a graduate.

He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, American Legion, State and National dental societies, dental study clubs, and various civic organizations. He attends yearly post-graduate courses in dentistry.

"The highlight of my career," Dr. Vanek writes, "was marriage to one sweet Irish colleen." An accomplished horse-woman this same sweet Irish colleen soon had the new president well acquainted with the fine points of horsemanship. "I even mastered the art of self preservation through posting", he adds.

Dr. Vanek does not confine his medical knowledge to dentistry. "I fell victim to a strange but pleasant malady known as mountain fever, a year ago," he says. "Only known relief for said malady: Return to the mountains annually."

We feel that many in and out of our ranks will agree to this tasty prescription!



Bringing in
the yule log—
trail ride style:
Dick
Harrington,
Diana McNair,
Charlie Beil,
Ches McNair.

Camp Life Can be Beautiful

by LYN HARRINGTON



Monarch Ridge, July 22, 1952.—Last few notes while the wranglers are striking camp. Migosh, are they fast workers! Untie a few knots, roll back the painted tepee, fold up the canvas, and toss the bundle on the dunnage heap. Yeah, they're moving camp down to the flats beside Healy Creek for the second group of Trail Riders. They must be softies! Well, here's my cayuse—dear little black Fatso, who has already eased me off twice."

That was my last entry on a trail ride notorious for its bad weather and its good humor. The last day was sunny. But as we rode down to meet the bus, somehow the witticisms were subdued, had a melancholy air about them. What was the matter with us Trail Riders? Everybody was dragging their feet. Didn't we *want* to get back to civilization and a hot bath?

Back in Banff, we chucked our jeans, red flannels and plaid shirts into the trunk of the car, and forgot them for a couple of months. But the longest journey ends eventually. Yesterday we unpacked the duffle bags. The pungent reek of woodsmoke filled the room, and filled us with nostalgia for our mountain marsh.

Good old Lyall's larch, that you find only at timberline, and the only wood you can

find there. How the blankety-blank stuff smoked, until you got a good flame going. What smarting eyes peered through the swirling gloom, what gasping instructions to someone, anyone, to "change those tent flaps. Do something!" Some of us learned real quick, three days mebbe. Unfortunately, snow and rain filtering down through the smoke-hole had a dampening effect, and our fire hissed its protest.

The campsite was well-located, if only the weather had co-operated. It was on a beautiful grassy slope below Monarch Ridge, lake nearby (just freed of ice) sheltering trees, and in the company of most impressive peaks and valleys. Indian paint-brush glowed a deep crimson, and the grass was starred with white anemones and yellow avalanche lilies.

Yeah, it was a right nice setting. Only thing—the ground squelched at every step. Next time I'll hearken to Jessie Gourlay, and wear my rubbers.

In that mushy ground, we Trail Riders discovered that we were incipient hydraulic engineers. Our talents had been thwarted as children and just never had a chance to develop. Now you could find us mucking around with pick and shovel, even scooping up the stuff with our bare hands. You

Don't forget these big dates !

Five-Day Ride — Friday, July 17 to Tuesday, July 21

Six-Day Ride — Friday, July 24 to Wednesday July 29

should have seen the Laidlaw Canal. Eventually the tents had duck-matting of spruce boughs over the floor as well as under the bedrolls.

Well, not all. Photographers Bill Round and Bill Marsden did a terrific job of terrazzo flooring in their tent, using large flat stones. Most annoying, then, to find that the camp was being moved. They were taking the second ride, too.

On a trail ride you really get back to nature, alright. Where's that guy who said, "Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her"? Sure were a lot of fickle nature-lovers on the first trail ride.

Well, anyway, who's afraid of a little weather? You just swathe yourself in your slicker, saddle, too, if you have any left over, and let 'er rain. And when it snowed, as it did twice, you should have heard the gang give out with Christmas carols. It was a fair treat. For the rest, the forest was hushed as the snowflakes drifted down, settling softly on the larches' spiky rosettes.

That was the day when prudent souls decided to light out for Banff. We told them they were craven, chicken-hearted, and all sorts of insulting things. We'd stay to the bitter end, the rest of us decided, even if it meant pneumonia. Truth was, none of us die-hards dared to tackle the trail that day.

Oh sure, our hardiness paid off. We had sunshine all the way down to the horse corral, where we met the bus. And a smug virtuous feeling, too.

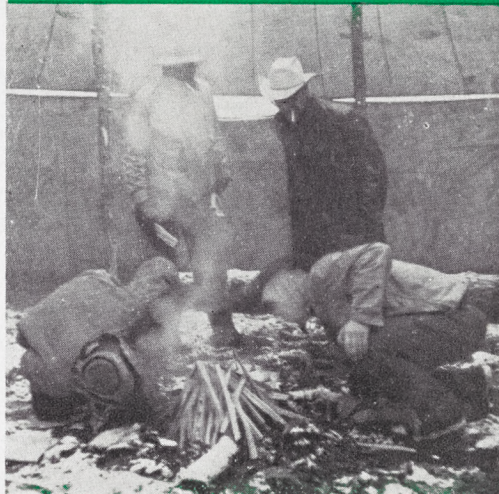
What's that? Oh, sure, the early birds had left us some hot water and towels. But . . . well . . . well, anyway, we hadn't swabbed south of the ears for five days . . . and gee, a bath tickled!

• "Remember Eohippus!" This was a favorite remark heard by many who attended this year's ride—or heard about it. The remark referred to ride back in 1944 when we camped at Eohippus Lake. Then, as this year, the weatherman really threw the book at us. And to show that he pulled no punches, here is the meteorological bill-of-fare we enjoyed on one night alone; Rain, snow, hail, thunder, lightning and gusty gales. If we've left anything out we probably had that too.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harrington, of Toronto, discuss trail ride this-a and that-a, as horses listen in. Mrs. Harrington's account of ride appears on these pages.



Here's how two trail riders kept dry on the first ride. Dorothy Hayward, left, shares comfort of a rubber ground sheet with grateful pal. It did rain a bit.



Trail riders blow feverishly to encourage blaze on snow-sprinkled floor of assembly tent. Snow in mid-July — very unusual for this time of year. The fire did get going — eventually.



RECOLLECTIONS BY TILLIE KNIGHT

Sunshine and the Six-Day Ride

THAT long-awaited day—July 25th—blossomed forth with Alberta's finest sunshine as we gathered at Bourgeau Cabin and corralled to get a dude's-eye view of our hosses which (we hoped) would be our best pals for those next six days on the trail.

With President Jock Smith in the lead, and Buddy Brewster as head guide, we rode up Sunshine road as far as the cut-off, then followed the Healy Creek trail for several more scenic, pine-scented miles. We were off on the six-day ride, the weatherman was with us, and spirits high all around.

What a grand group—if we do say so ourselves! Here were 60 veterans and dudes, guys and gals, from all over Canada, the U.S.A., and across the seas, garbed in gay western attire as colorful as the ride itself. Here were old trail pals exchanging "Howdys" again, and newcomers losing their shyness with every passing mile.

Our first glimpse of the camp brought thrills all around—particularly among those who had attended the rain and snow-plagued five-day ride the previous week. This time, however, the tepees were gleaming white in

the bright sunshine, with Audley and Esther Richards and their helpers waving a welcome.

Since we arrived in camp somewhat early in the afternoon, there was still plenty of energy left over. As a result, the main body of riders progressed farther up the Healy Creek trail to the top of a crest. From here the gang had a glimpse of the first ride's campsite near the foot of Monarch Ridge, which lay at a higher altitude than our newly established Tepee Town.

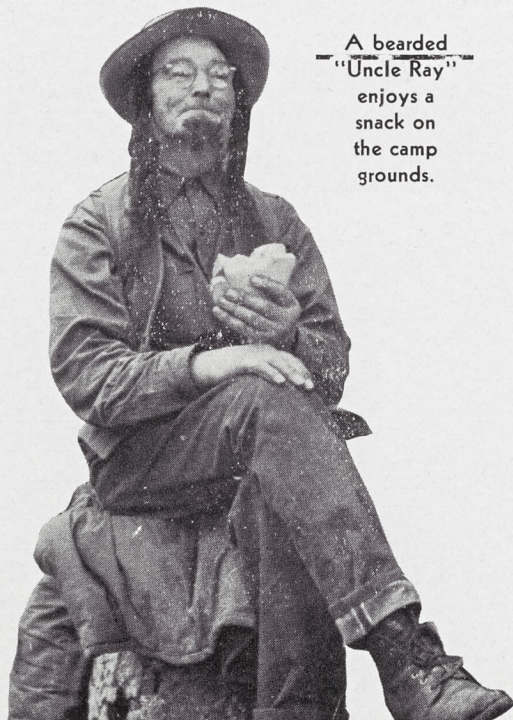
On our return to camp, we found the duffle had arrived and been duly deposited in our respective tepees. After a super-supper (Orchids to the cook tent) we headed for the big assembly tent for the camp's first singsong. As usual, the main feature of opening night was the introduction of each member to his or her neighbor, plus a few colorful descriptive comments concerning neighbor in question.

Saturday morning dawned clear and sunny—a dazzling replica of the day before. The previous night, Bud had promised us a good long ride and today we knew he meant business. Setting out from camp, we rode over Simpson Pass and on down to lovely Larix Lake where we spent an hour or so browsing around, taking pictures and admiring the abundance of alpine flowers that pin-pointed the upland meadows.

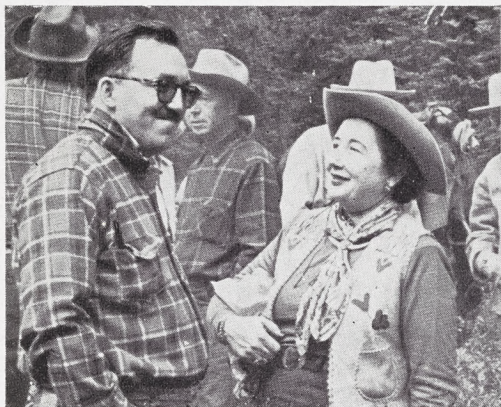
On the return trip we took the upward trail to Rock Isle Lake—renowned for its good fishing—then to Sunshine Lodge, familiar landmark to so many riders and hikers, and back again over Simpson Pass. That evening we had a grand campfire and, later in the evening, a square dance which featured the cowboys as callers.

Sunday dawned with the accent on the first syllable—just like its predecessors. This time we rode up Healy Creek to the summit of Redearth Pass and from there enjoyed a glorious view of the Pharaoh Lakes—Mummy, Scarab and Egypt. Next we crossed the provincial border and descended into British Columbia where we chose the marge of Egypt Lake as our lunch site.

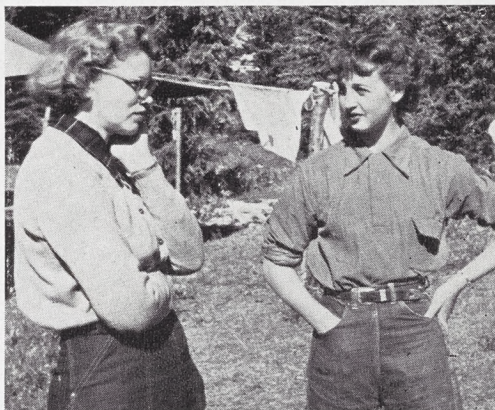
Here Jim Renwick gave an exhibition of c-o-o-l summer swimming (Was the water ever cold, Jim?). The camp's leading Walto-



A bearded
"Uncle Ray"
enjoys a
snack on
the camp
grounds.



Doc McCracken and LaVera Fuerst discuss the merits of their respective hometowns—Montreal and Cincinnati. Or maybe they're just thinking up a good act for Stunt Nite.



We aren't quite sure what weighty problems these two riders are pondering. It could't be the weather or they'd be sporting a bigger smile. We'll just have to leave it to the reader's imagination.

nians, Bill Round and Sid Gelfand, tried their fishing luck. The rest of us just lazed around, kept an eye on our nags, and wished that trail time could go on forever.

On the return trip Bud took some of the riders into the Talc Mine, while the remainder rode back to camp. As we rode over Redearth Pass, we were greeted by a profusion of wild flowers—with the accent on Indian paint-brush—a bloom that appears in shades ranging from deep purple to pale green. Botanists Louise Wolfenden and Laura Hiss were particularly thrilled by the multi-colored floral display.

There was nothing blue about the following Monday morning except the skies. To start the day right, Bud took additional members over Redearth Pass, to Talc Lake and into the Talc Mine, while the others enjoyed a layover day in camp. That's the nice part about having a fixed base camp—you can pick your own layover day and loaf as long as you like without loss of face.



Harvey Pass was the objective for Tuesday's ride. As the cavalcade started off, it became evident that something was different. Riders seemed to have developed a habit of mumbling and talking to themselves, giving forth with bursts of melody or poetry. The solution was clear to those in the know. They were rehearsing for Stunt Nite, the big show that winds up the annual ride.

In retrospect, the six-day ride was all that could be wished for. There was never a dull moment or a mishap of any kind. "Grandpa" Ray Bagley was always at the back of the line ready to render every possible assistance. Bud was at the head of the cavalcade—leading the gang over passes, to beautiful rest spots by cool mountain lakes, and lending a helping hand wherever possible.

Small wonder then, that when the riders returned to Banff, their verdict was unanimous—"It was a wonderful ride!"

● Rates for the 1953 rides have been increased—\$5.00 each—in keeping with resolution passed at this year's meeting of the executive and council. Revised rates now stand at \$70.00 for the five-day ride and \$80.00 for the six-day trip.

These figures include horse, saddle equipment, tepee accommodation, meals, transportation of duffle between Banff and camp, both ways, guide services and gratuities. Bus fare to and from trailhead is extra.

Doc Thompson of Calgary shows that men can be useful around camp as well as the gals. At the time photo was taken he had broken no cups or dishes. Probable reason: They're unbreakable.

MOST PHOTOGRAPHED RIDE ?

Field Day for "Photogs"

by NAOMI BRISTOL



Cameraderie plus is indicated by this group—members of the six-day ride. Naomi Bristol, author of accompanying story, is standing fifth from left, chatting with the president, Jock Smith.

THE TRAIL ride of 1952 will probably go down in the annals of the Association as the most photographed ride in its 29 years' history.

Not that there aren't always mountain scenes so magnificent and trail riders photogenic enough to attract anyone who can press a camera shutter effectively. But this time, in addition to the hosts of amateurs, there were professional photographers snapping their subjects at every turn, from behind bushes, over and under cliffs, and even balanced precariously in the trees.

Art Chetwynd, of Toronto, with Montreals Ann Crump and Mrs. H. W. Hayward as his leading ladies, shot a television sports short while Messrs. Marsden and Bill Round were there taking movies and stills for the Alberta government. Photographer Fred Laidlaw of Vancouver represented the C.P.R. and on the last two days Ray Halin blew in and demonstrated his agility by taking pictures at a canter over his horse's rump. With this correspondent from *Mayfair* magazine in addition, the trail ride was well recorded.

The veterans of the two 1952 trail rides had faced two extremes of weather. The first camp, pitched at the base of Monarch Ridge, was deluged with rain and snow; yet its inmates emerged cheerful. The second camp, pitched at the head of Healy Creek to be in a more sheltered position, was blessed

with brilliant sunshine for the whole six days. Its colony of tepee dwellers emerged even more cheerful.

The daily trips took the riders over Simpson Pass to Larix Lake, through the Red-earth Pass to Pharaoh Creek, to Talc Lake, to Egypt Lake, along the Monarch Ridge, over Harvey Pass to Lost Horse Creek, to Mount Bourgeau, and along countless trails and mountain ridges with breath-taking scenery. The fishing was so good that you barely had to cast a line into Egypt Lake before you hooked a 16-inch cut-throat trout. Some wild life was spotted, including a whistling marmot who posed for close-up photographs. Wildflowers were the chief attraction for Mrs. L. C. Hiss of Sandy Hook, Connecticut, who collected many rare species in the little tin attached to her saddle.

Quantities of good food, including an estimated 1,500 flapjacks, were devoured by the hungry riders. Clarence Richards of Calgary, with his accordion, again accompanied the evening pow-wows which were emceed first by Tillie Knight and later, in her absence, by June Lavereau of Toronto. She led the singsongs with great gusto even though she lost her voice in the attempt. The evenings wound up with the usual "tepee crawling".

(Continued on next page)

It wasn't all rain and snow on the first ride. And just to prove it, we present this happy quintet enjoying sit-down snack on the shores of an alpine tarn.





PERSONALITIES PLUS HORSES—Horse-and-rider groups, well known to members of '52 cavalcade, are seen above in affectionate mood. "I wouldn't change you for the world," says young Babs Heffernan, left, to her white-faced cayuse, while Lois Laidlaw and Barbara Rennie, centre, apparently share similar sentiments with their own respective ponies. Paula Friedman, right, leaves no doubt as to her affection for "Old Sobersides."

Mixed among the new crop of dudes were many old-timers—the president, Jock Smith of Vancouver, (now succeeded by Dr. H. J. Vanek of Menomonie, Wisconsin), Marshall Diverty with a fresh crop of stories, Nan and Charles Douglas returned for more punishment, Ed McCracken, his saga of the trail ride well flavored with the French-Canadian idiom, and of course Ray Bagley, now 74 years old, who recited his Squaw Man and other favorites around the campfire.

Stunt night brought forth much talent including a classical ballet performed by Mr. and Mrs. L. Murray of the Alberta "Badlands" and their friends, each dressed in long winter underwear decorated with dainty fronds of spruce.

Young person sadly missed on the trail ride, and that was its founder, the famous Canadian poet and writer, Dr. John Murray Gibbon. In all his 74 years he had only missed two rides. When this year's camp was ended the riders, still in their plaid shirts, jeans and cowboy hats, filed into the cemetery at Banff where the author's ashes were buried. His two Indian friends, Johnnie Bearspaw and Jake Two-Yount-Man stood by his grave; Lib Smith's American schoolgirls formed a choir, and a kilted Scottish piper played the "Flowers of the Forest".

● What do you know?—The editor will welcome any items that might be of interest to our fellow members. These can be of a general or personal nature. Trail Riders reunions, for instance, at various points across the country are "naturals" for good reading. We also like to hear from or about members who have won special distinction—no matter how trivial. And don't forget weddings! Thanks in advance.



Camp medico Sid Gelfand believes there's no prescription for a camp ailment like freshly-caught trout. He is shown here, equipped with steel rod and waders, trying to lure a speckled beauty from its watery lair. He succeeded too.



A different type of aquabatics is displayed by Jim Renwick, of Toronto. Balanced precariously on an improvised two-log raft, Jim performed in accordance with finest traditions of the "Big Top." And don't ever think that water isn't cold.



STUNT NITE AND POW-WOW

Around The Campfire



"THE world is a stage and every ham is an actor"—unquote—by Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, and with apologies to all. And with those same apologies, we present herewith the low-down on the funny happenings that had us grinning, giggling, guffawing and groaning on Stunt Nite which wound up the six-day ride.

We won't go into detail as we have no wish to defame the acting profession. However, we will take the liberty of jotting down a few of the skits that linger longest in our memory, with casual reference to the all-star casts by whose genius they were inspired.

The details were lifted from the notes of our able and charming mistress of ceremonies, *June Lavereau*, of Toronto, who kept the program moving at a smart and

lively tempo and who showed exceptional talent in performing this somewhat unique and none-too-easy task.

Bill Round, already famous for his "side-hill gouger" stories, brought forth a real live specimen to back up his log of tall tales. Let that be a lesson to the incredulous. Then we had a breezy number, "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine", written by *Dr. Don Thompson* and discussed in pantomime by nurse *Paula Friedman*. The verse was snappy and the acting superb.

"Mammy-do-Nothing", starring *Laura Hiss*, in black-face, *Bud Brewster*, and with *John Costello* as Esther drew roars of laughter when Bud berated Laura for spending so much time picking posies, when she-all should have been helping with the chores around camp. As a grand climax, Laura signed up for a dish-washing job next summer.

"The Ballet of Red Earth Pass", put on by the Yellow Triangle and Twin Nags tepees, and produced by *Caroline MacKenzie*, featured *Jack McIver*, *Lynn* and *Mrs. Murr y*, supported by a lively chorus. The costumes—snowy-white long johns with dainty skirts made of fir boughs—represented another stroke of unknown genius.

Cross section of audience—and performers—at grand pow-wow on grounds of Banff Springs Hotel. Predominating in scene are Lib Smith, right foreground, and her attractive group of teen-agers from below the Border. Their harmonious rendition of trail ride song favorites has won them orchids galore during past three camps. Inset: June Lavereau, mistress of ceremonies, leads sing-song, with Clarence Richards providing accompaniment.

Sporting his famous accent français, Doc *Ed McCracken* came forth with an original poem, the subject being the Trail Riders of '52. Nuff sed. Another classic was presented by camera-toting *Ray Halin* whose composition, "Singing on a Horse," was a side-splitter.

The Rainbow and Red Moose tepees produced a chorus line that Ziegfeld might well have used on the stage of Ye Olde Alhambra, 99th and Broadway, in little old New York. The chorus introduced a brand new hit song *Tepee Town* sung to the tune of *Ragtime Cowboy Joe*. The co-stars—or corn-stars if you like—were *Phyllis, Naomi* and *Dot*.

Grandpaw *Ray Bagley*, of Coleman, Alta., our "youngest-in-heart" colleague, delighted the audience with several special trail ride poems, one of which appears in this issue of the Bulletin. Not to be out-done, granddaughter *Jeannie* did a tumbling act. As a grand finale, the cowboys featured the Sundance of Redearth Pass, which had the crowd on its toes.

Cheers! It was a wonderful evening and everyone joined in to make the evening a success. Only thing lacking: a bevy of talent scouts to sign up the bumper crop of stars!

MILWAUKEE REMEMBERS

When the cry "Everybody Up!" is sounded, don't think we won't be thinking of you." That was the message we received from Eunice Grobe, of Milwaukee, Wis., shortly before the commencement of this year's ride.

Instead of heading north to the Canadian Rockies, Eunice headed south to Colorado, spending her vacation at Paradise Ranch at the foot of Pike's Peak.

Several of her trail riding cohorts from the "Milwaukee Contingent" toured Eastern Canada and the State of Maine. Pat Barth attended summer school at University of Wisconsin with her sights set on a Master's degree.

Carol Zellmer writes in glowing terms of her trip through the Gaspé Peninsula, and Nova Scotia with the accent on Cape Breton Island.

Jeannette Kapus (T.R. '51) is on active duty with the U.S. Air Force.

It's anybody's guess what amuses this trail rider threesome. Our guess is that it's a better than average Stunt Nite skit. Or maybe someone tripped on a rope while entering the canvas portals of the "Big Top."



Bronzed and smiling after six days on the trail, trail riders enjoy their final get-together at annual pow-wow in Banff. Their ranks were augmented by a large number of townspeople who each year are invited to attend.



Sid Gelfand and Rene Gouldie occupy orchestra seats at campfire sing-song. These nightly performances sparked by original skits and novelty numbers rounded off each eventful day on the trails. Steaming hot chocolate and biscuits were an added attraction.



Romantic Old Port Royal

by PHOEBE ERSKINE MacKELLAR



A modern miss demonstrates the old-fashioned method of removing bread from bake ovens at Champlain Habitation, Port Royal, N.S.

HI! TRAIL RIDERS! Maybe you think there isn't anything in Canada to beat trail riding, or any scenery to beat the Rocky Mountains? I guess you're right. But there are some pretty good things in this country that can't be found in Alberta, though of course that province has a priority on lots of things, including dinosaur bones. But all that is pre-historic. When we come to recorded history Nova Scotia is the place to begin. You know that sort of appendix on the east coast, that looks like Vancouver Island except that it is joined to New Brunswick. Some of you folks may have been there but just in case you haven't here are some things you might like to know.

Did I say Nova Scotia? I should have said the Annapolis Basin. You cross the Bay of Fundy, in fog or rough seas often, and pass through Digby Gut, and there is a lovely sort of salt water lake, all calm and sunshiny! Well in the early days I guess the French explorers got a surprise too. According to Marc Lescarbot, the first North American historian, there was no place on earth quite like it. His friends, de Monts and de Poutrincourt, had had a pretty rough time of it at St. Croix Island on the New Brunswick side of Fundy before they moved across. These Frenchmen, including Champlain, who at that time was Royal Geographer, found this place. It had great meadows rolling down to the sea and was

sheltered by hills. Here they built their fur-trading post. They named the place Port Royal and put up the flag of Henry of Navarre, then King of France. They called the fort the "Habitation". A nice cosy name, though it had guns in case of attack.

This was before the English settled in Jamestown, Virginia. The Indians were friendly and Champlain didn't play any tricks on them with fire-arms, as he did a few years later on the Iroquois. (He was so pleased with the result of that attack he named the lake after himself, you remember.)

Everybody was happy in those days. They called the country Acadia which sounded like that mythical Greek place where no one did any work. Of course there was work. Game had to be shot, it just didn't fall into the pot ready to be cooked. But everyone loved hunting. It was better than fighting one another in France during the recent Wars of the Huguenots. Here Catholics and Protestants lived happily together—for a time. Champlain and his friends organized a sort of Social Club called the "Order of Good Cheer", the first in America, take note.

Entrance to Champlain Habitation at Port Royal, (below) the oldest permanent white settlement north of the Gulf of Mexico.

(Photos by the Nova Scotia Bureau of Information)





Trail Ride photographer Fred Laidlaw gets photographed himself — this time with daughter Lois. Thirteen-year-old Lois is a budding young artist with a particular flair for sketching horses.

Here and There

● Sid Gelfand, popular, trail ride M.D., off to New York and Florida for December. En-route Sid stopped off in Toronto to witness the Grey Cup Final.

Of his southbound journey, Sid writes: "Will not be back—unless the sheriff sends for me—till New Year's, or more likely, just after." Sid hopes to attend the '53 ride.

● A message received July 24th from Keith Hoffmeyer is more seasonable than the date indicates. On the letter is affixed a Christmas seal under which Keith printed the message "Merry Xmas!"

Wrote Keith: "How I long for the cool mountain breezes (It was 93° in the shade in his home town) and the companionship of the Trail Riders. To my many friends, greetings and best wishes, and to those I have never met, you don't know how lucky you are."

But of course life wasn't all fun and hunting. They built a grist mill on the little river Allain. (You can still see part of the dam, if you look hard enough). Each man had his own garden. In the winter Champlain undertook the construction of the first road in North America. Seems he wanted to get to his 'Troutery' when spring came. Traces of that road can still be seen behind the reconstructed Habitation.

Then, believe it or not, the first play to be performed in North America, "The Theatre of Neptune", was acted on the water in front of the Habitation on November 14th, 1606. It was written by Marc Lescarbot and performed by the inmates of the fort as a gesture of welcome to de Poutrincourt, on his return from a voyage of discovery. He and Champlain had been having a look at the New England coast, before it was New England of course. But they didn't like the Indians there, and were glad to get back to chief Membertou and his tribe. Speaking of Membertou, his is the first recorded baptism in Canada. He and his family, 21 in all, were christened at one time, and in the sea too. Chief Membertou was said to be over 100, but the shock didn't kill him.

Speaking of "Firsts" as we have been—in 1613 there was the first English raid on Port Royal. Later this sort of thing became a habit. Capt. Samuel Argall sailed up from Virginia. The French were off on a fur-trading expedition, so he burned the Habitation, but left the barns full of grain, which, of course, was the British thing to do!

Then in 1621, Sir William Alexander, a Scottish nobleman, obtained a charter from his king, James I of England. It was for a

land called New Scotland, which was his name for Acadia. Of course the charter was written in Latin to make it sound official, so that is how Nova Scotia got its name. Nova Scotia's flag dates back to that time too. It is the ancient blue cross of St. Andrew on a white field, and a gold lion rampant on a red shield in the centre. So Port Royal can also boast of having the first Scottish emigrants in America. The ruins of this fort can be traced not far from the re-constructed Habitation.

New Fort at Port Royal

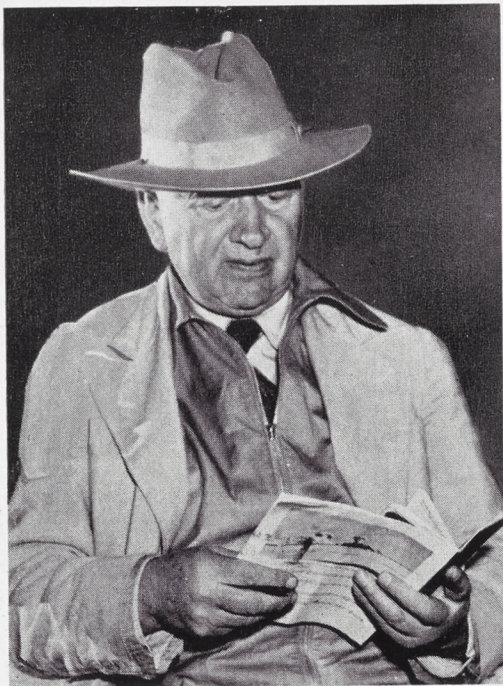
They went in for Round-Table conferences in Europe in those days too, so at one of these in 1632 the English handed back Acadia to the French. This time they built their fort at a new Port Royal, seven miles further inland, at the mouth of what is now the Annapolis river. The New Englanders found the fort all right and made a sort of habit of taking it. But they went on having conferences in Europe and giving Acadia back to France. A bit hard on the New Englanders, wasn't it? But they had grit, these New Englanders, and went on attacking Port Royal. In 1710 the French got tired of fighting and capitulated. The New Englanders were very English in those days, so they renamed the fort Annapolis Royal in honour of their Queen. All this was before Halifax was even thought of, so Annapolis Royal was the first capital of Nova Scotia.

If you should skip a Trail Ride, ever, just take a look at the oldest Province. Keep straight on till you get to the Atlantic Ocean, you can't miss it. That's all folks.

Trail Riders Pay



Dr. John Murray



Dr. John Murray Gibbon

WITHIN the shadow of the mountains he loved so well, and in the presence of throngs of his equally beloved companions of the trail, the ashes of Dr. John Murray Gibbon, 77, were laid to rest this summer in the quiet little Banff cemetery which contains the remains of so many devoted colleagues who passed before him.

Scores of Banff's leading citizens, their numbers augmented by some 60 members of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, an organization he was instrumental in founding in 1923, paid silent tribute to the internationally known figure whose variety of accomplishments gained him the title of Chief Man-of-Many-Sides bestowed on him by the Stony Indians in 1944.

At the solemn outdoors service, conducted by Canon H. Tully Montgomery, rector of St. Georges-in-the-Pines Anglican Church, Dan McCowan of Banff, renowned naturalist and life-long friend of Dr. Gibbon, eulogized the noted author and lyricist who had previously expressed a wish that his ashes be committed for burial amid the mountains he loved and knew so well.

Dr. Gibbon, who before his retirement in 1945 was general publicity agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal, received further tribute in messages received from R. H. Palenske of Woodstock, Ill., and Reginald Townsend of New York, who assisted Mr. Gibbon in framing the Trail Riders Constitution while marooned high

on Wolverine Plateau during a July snow-storm in 1923.

A colorful feature of the service was the singing of *The Lord's Prayer* by a group of 17 young girls, garbed in white blouses and blue jeans, and who for the past three years have attended the annual rides accompanied by Miss Elizabeth G. Smith of Jenkintown, Pa. As a tribute to his Scottish ancestry, the Lament was piped by Mrs. Annie Fulbrook of Banff, attired in full Scottish regalia. A wreath of wild flowers was placed on the grave by Mrs. Peter Whyte, of Banff, on behalf of the Trail Riders, and its sister organization, the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

Also present were members of the National Parks, under whose supervision the trails have for many years been blazed and maintained for the riders and hikers; Chiefs Johnny Bearspaw and Jacob Two-Young-Man of the Stonys who regarded Dr. Gibbon as their "blood brother" and several past presidents and honorary members of the trail associations.

Dr. Gibbon received high tribute from Mr. McCowan for his widespread contribution to the cultural life of Canada. Of these Mr. McCowan emphasized the Dominion-wide handicraft exhibits inaugurated by the mild-mannered man who "said so little and did so much", his literary accomplishments and musical festivals and highland gather-



Tribute to Association's Founder

Gibbon Eulogized at Impressive Banff Ceremony

ings which for many years were an annual feature of Banff's summer calendar. "All this," Mr. McCowan said, "went far toward fostering an interest in and appreciation of the people of varied origin in Canada."

And in further tribute to the man "who was never happier than when riding or walking on mountain trails in the company of his fellow pilgrims", Mr. McCowan emphasized how unsparingly Dr. Gibbon had given of his time and talent to the furtherance of the interests of the Trail Riders and Hikers. He particularly loved the evening campfires where he joined riders and hikers in singing the catchy parodies that came so freely from his gifted pen.

Though in failing health for some time, Dr. Gibbon had expressed the hope of returning this year to his beloved mountains—if only to be present at the annual pow-wow which wound up the two annual rides. He had missed only three rides since founding the organization, and though in his late seventies, was considered a competent horseman and camper.

"But now" concluded Mr. McCowan, "he has come to the end of the trail and his ashes are laid in this tranquil spot where so many of his trail companions have found a peaceful haven — Tom Wilson, Arthur Wheeler, Jim Brewster, Norman Sanson, "Soapy" Smith, and more recently that good friend of us all, Phil Moore."

MURRAY GIBBON LAUDED BY AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

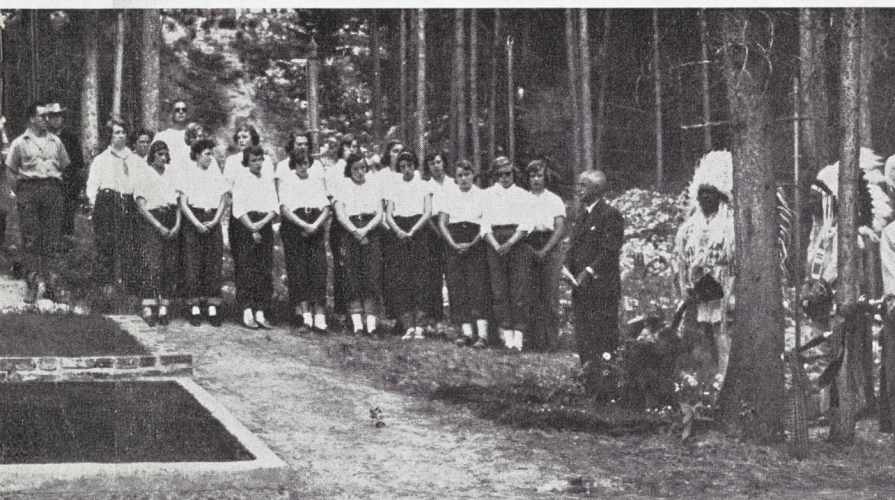
HIGHLIGHTS of Dr. Gibbon's distinguished career were the subject of considerable editorial comment during the days following his passing.

The magazine, *Canadian Author and Bookman*, published on behalf of the Canadian Authors Association of which Dr. Gibbon was honorary president, devoted several pages to the man who had made such noteworthy contribution to the country's literary development.

The following editorial, printed hereunder by kind permission of Roderick S. Kennedy, editor of the publication, was featured as a "leader" on the magazine's first page.

"The death of our honorary president, John Murray Gibbon, is, unhappily, the first and most important subject which must be dealt with in this issue of the *Canadian Author and Bookman*. Elsewhere, there is a simple tribute to him and a brief account of his work, but on this page it remains for your Editor to express on your behalf, the deep sympathy of The Canadian Authors Association, to Mrs. Gibbon for the loss of her husband, and to his daughter and two sons for the loss of their father. Our grief is minor in comparison, but no

(Continued on page 23)



Dan McCowan,
right, pays
tribute to
Dr. Gibbon
at Banff
committal
service.

"THIS IS IT—IT WON'T BE LONG!"

Of Moose and a Morning Ride!

By Nina Le Boutillier

A SHORT way to the west of Banff, near the Great Divide, amidst the massive loveliness of Mount Burgess, nestles Emerald Lake—a little gem of wondrous verdant beauty. Its pigment, which makes the emerald hues as clear as a mirror, could only be found in such a spot as this, beneath turquoise skies and fleecy glaciers, where altitudes reach 12,650 feet above sea level.

One particularly fine summer morn, above the whisper of the breezes and the marmot's whistle, there seemed to be special music in the air as I stepped out of my cabin, humming the familiar tune of "When it's Trail Time in the Rockies!" Yes, indeed there was melody, plus harmony everywhere around me!

Early-Morn Enchantment

Looking over yonder, was Mount President, towering high and majestic. Towards Burgess Pass direction the sun appeared to be exploding itself through a purple haze, the rays of which were ultimately spreading o'er the snow-capped peaks and casting shadows of gold and opalescent reflections.

It was good music to hear. This early morning enchantment was only a prelude to a ride that I was about to take with a freckled-face guide called "Red". The date had only been fixed the previous evening while I was riding past the paddock on my return over Saddle-Back from Yoho Valley. "Red" was leaning against the corral-fence, and when I inquired where all the horses were, he told me that they had wandered as usual down to the end of the lake where there were green pastures and good grazing.

Lofty Mount Burgess towers majestically over Emerald Lake Chalet on the marge of the lake's jade green waters.

(Nick Morant photo)

"But that must be about three or four miles away . . . don't any of them ever get lost?" I queried.

"Never yet missed a nag," grinned "Red".

It was then that he told me about a routine jaunt that he took each morning to the tune of sun-rise rides that led to the green slopes, where the ponies grazed among the magic haunts of nature.

"I have to fetch these nags back in time for the Emerald Lake Chalet guests to take their morning ride before breakfast", he informed me, and with a twinkle in his eyes added, "Wouldn't you like to come along at the crack-o'-dawn and see for yourself how it's done?"

Needless to say, I eagerly accepted the invitation to go along the very next morning and as I walked along the trail it was with a feeling of anticipation and tense excitement. Its magic seemed to also touch the jackpines and larches on each side of the path. Earlier trespassers, however, had already been on the trail before me. They were four-footed ones, for I could trace the unmistakable hoof-prints in the damp soft earth.

The crunching sound made by my boots was the only audible sound to be heard in

(Continued on page 20)

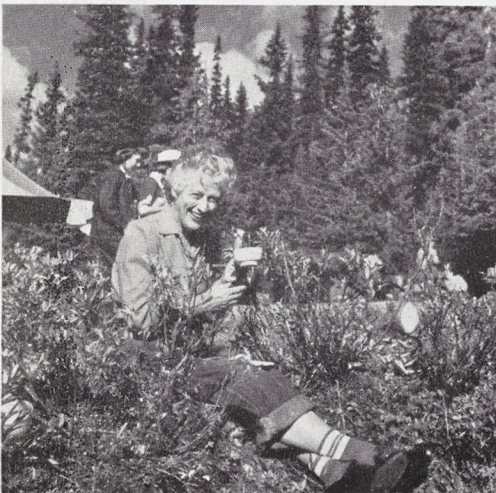




Bill Round gives an exhibition of wood carving before the admiring eyes of Hanna Brinkop. Hanna was official camp physician for the first ride and the trail hike. Bill was on special film assignment for the Government of Alberta.



Trail Riders shave outside in all kinds of weather. "Naturally", says Jock Smith, left, "you don't grow whiskers in the inside." One trail rider brought along his electric shaver. He heard there were lots of plugs on the ride.



You can't beat our camp coffee!

Tepee Town Renovated For 30th Annual Ride

★ ★ ★

OUR camp skyline should gleam with an added brilliance next summer.

The gleam—a dazzling white one—will be reflected from five or six new tepees to be constructed shortly to replace older models. The new tepees, together with the three introduced at this year's camp, will put about one third of our housing units in the ultra-modern class!

Canvas for the new tepees will be turned over to the Stony Indians who will do the cutting, stitching and last, but by no means least, the exterior decorating.

The move is part of a long-term replacement program affecting all kinds of camp equipment. These will include tepee flaps—the kind that stay put—for each unit, as well as new ground sheets, blankets and, in all probability, new sleeping bags as well.

Tepee Town skyline will also be affected by the disappearance next year of our one and only skyscraper—the Chief's Tepee, which has definitely outlived its usefulness. It will be replaced by a smaller unit, though taller than its neighbors, and adorned with special signs and symbols as become's a chief's domicile.

By 1954 we should have a completely renovated camp—with only the walls of the big assembly tent serving as a reminder of other days. Its broad doughnut-shaped top made its debut in 1949 at Pipestone River camp. Before that year, all sing-songs were held in the open. If it rained, there just wasn't any sing-song.

Improvements made over the past two years have come in for highly favorable comment. Outstanding among these are the new plastic plates, cups and bowls which replaced the old enamelware—the kind that chips. Nor has anyone complained of the new stainless steel knives, forks and spoons that last year pushed the less glamorous cutlery from trail ride tables.

The gaily banded marquee sheltering the long serving tables is another feature of camp life that our predecessors did not enjoy. And speaking of meals, we can also put in a good word for the high class cuisine we have enjoyed in camp—particularly during the past three years.

Also commended were the toilet facilities introduced by our outfitter at this year's camp. Though we haven't yet reached the point where we have hot and cold running water in every tepee, we have an abundance of hot water—and cold if we want it—handily accessible at all times.



Everyone looks alike when they're eating corn or brushing teeth. These fair trail riders show the cameraman how to do it the glamorous way. Pic was taken as camp was breaking up. Otherwise such ablutions would be performed at water shelf.



If the tubs contained alphabet soup we'd say they were groping for words. But since they contain nothing but good old-fashioned dish water we'll give all four credit for doing a grand job of massaging the camp dishes.

OF MOOSE AND RIDE

(Continued from page 18)

the stillness of the forest. It was the sort of tension that causes lonely folks on a dark night to look behind them when they walk in dark places where shadows lie. In the distance across the lake near the bridge, I could see the silhouette of the guide mounted on his brown bay. My horse, a white and red roan already saddled, stood beside him awaiting my arrival.

A Tall Jackpine

As I picked my way along the trail, I noticed a clearing on the left side near the Lagoon. There was a tall jackpine standing sentinel. Or was it a tree? It was moving! Next moment, I became startled at what I saw. It was a bull moose that moved out on the trail and was watching me from the corner of his eye, as he started to move towards me.

My heart was thumping a mile a minute... but he gave no indication of fright or surprise — just continued to trudge forward in my direction. On he marched, as I stood rooted to the spot with fear. My knees were acting like an accordion. I was too scared to run or try to climb a tree. Then I made a quick check-up on the distance to the boat-house and decided to make a run for it through the thick woods. To my horror the moose did the same and I could hear the "thud" of his hooves following behind me.

As I breathlessly reached the front door of the boat-house I found that it was locked. Then I dashed round to the rear door, it was locked, too.

"This is It"—"It won't be long now", I mused, as I waited cautiously for the big animal to run me down, or chase me round the boat-house! I began taking off my red jacket and was ready to flourish it before his blazing eyes as he snorted and charged! And I planned to jump aside to safety, just like the cowboys do at the stampede.

Suddenly, I heard a loud splash, the moose had taken a plunge into the lake, all that was visible above the surface now, was his head and antlers. He was swimming nonchalantly across the widest part of the lake, putting a safe distance between us.

I began to doubt now that he had ever been aware of my existence, and it didn't take long for me to recover my composure and make for the bridge, where "Red" and the ponies were anxiously waiting for me on the other side.

"You came off very well", exclaimed "Red". "For awhile, I thought the moose would catch up to you, but once again the human race has triumphed", he laughingly added.

A New Venture

As I swung myself up in the saddle, we lit out at a good gait along the well-worn trail. This was indeed a new venture for me, to help in bringing back a dozen or more of freedom-loving ponies to the corral in smart time.

The panorama spread ahead lush and green with the towering snow-capped peaks above. Exquisite alpine flowers covered the slopes and valley. As we cantered along, the balance of that joyful ride will remain in my mind forever. For as soon as our



Horses and riders strike parallel pose for chummy picture above. Photo was taken just before or just after (we can't remember which) the day's ride. Whenever it was, all concerned seem quite happy about the whole thing.

horses came to the clearing at the end of the lake, with ears pointed alert and nostrils wide, they threw back their heads with a shake and let out lusty gleeful "whinnies"!

Instantly the air became electrified with answering "neighs". There was a commotion on the slopes and as "Red" spurred his horse upwards, bare-backs came swirling down-grade towards me. But my smart little steed was already turned and only waiting to join in with the herding.

As our ponies sped homeward we could hear the steady thud of galloping horses. It reminded me of the horse-races, but there were no ring-side seats or cheering crowds on the grand-stands. Just the beauty of the forest and the tumbling waters of melting glaciers down the mountain slopes.

The sun was shining now with a new brilliance as we flew over the trails and into the paddock, with the string of horses following close.

As "Red" dismounted and closed the corral gate, he made a careful mental check-up of the number present; not a pony was missing! Some of them reared and bucked a bit before settling down on the concession line-up, ready for their saddles and their riders.

Waving good-bye to "Red", I retraced my steps back to the Chalet along the woodland trails, which had known not only the hoofprints of moose and horse, but also the pad of Indian feet, centuries before the coming of the white man.

★ ★ ★

There's nothing like the first horseback ride to make a person feel better off.

The Brewster Cayuse

by Ray Bagley

He was only a Brewster cayuse,
But he'd packed a-many a dude;
Some were kind and thoughtful,
Some were plainly rude.

Everything wrong but the rider,
And the cayuse got the blame.
He should have been a mind-reader;
No two ride the same.

Pulling him this way, and pulling him that,
"Tell me, why don't he go?"
The only command he understands
Is just the one word 'Whoa'.

Saint Peter, make room for this cayuse
With a great big 7H brand;
Lead him right up to the oat-box
In the "Happy Hunting Land."

Pull off his shoes, Saint Peter;
Give him a word of praise,
For he had provocation
For his ungodly ways.

Bed him knee-deep in pine needles,
Come away, and let him feed.
Though he was only a Brewster cayuse,
He's had all the grief he needs.

★ ★ ★

CONDUCTOR'S NIGHTMARE



Courtesy "Wheels"

Her Heart was in the Rockies

★ Popular Jean Stewart was "M.C." for 10 years ★

MISTRESS of ceremonies for the Trail Riders during the past 10 years, Miss Marion Jean Stewart, whose personal charm and tireless efforts on behalf of the association had endeared her to hundreds of members, died late this Fall in London, Ont., after an illness of several months.



With lofty Mt. Assiniboine in the background, Jean is seen here with trusty cayuse on the shores of Lake Magog during a ride in that area.

Miss Stewart who rallied sufficiently during the summer to proceed to her beloved Rockies, suffered a setback while stopping over at her parents' home in Fort William. She had hoped to be in Banff to see the trail riders off on this year's rides.

Well known in musical, educational and sporting circles in Fort William, Miss Stewart taught kindergarten classes at Drew school where she was in charge of music. On several occasions, her classes won awards in the annual musical festivals. She also taught elocution for two years at the Normal School in Winnipeg.

Miss Stewart received her education at Central School and the Collegiate Institute, in Fort William, after which she travelled extensively in England, France and Switzerland with her sister, Kathleen. She attended

Toronto Normal School prior to commencing her teaching career.

All her life she had been an ardent follower of sports, her favorite outdoors pastimes being riding, swimming, sailing, skiing and skating. For two seasons, she was a ski instructress at Sunshine Lodge near Banff. An accomplished musician, she played the piano and violin.

A wearer of the gold button for 500 miles and upwards with the trail riders, Miss Stewart had presided over the camp's nightly sing-songs from 1942 until 1951 when she joined the New York office of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau. She was also M.C. for the trail riders' sister organization, the Skyline Trail Hikers.

Miss Stewart was as close to being truly indispensable as any member of the association. In addition to her services as campfire leader, Jean was always ready to lend a helping hand with the less glamorous features of camp life, such as allocating tepee space, distribution of duffle, sleeping bags and blankets. Wherever there was work to be done, Jean was there to assist.

A brilliant elocutionist and vocalist, Jean possessed the rare knack of getting everyone—newcomers and veterans—to join in the nightly sing-songs and campfire fun. Shyness melted rapidly under the warmth of her friendly smile and winning personality. It was largely through her efforts that the nightly sing-song developed into the successful feature of camp life it is today.

Originality was the keynote of Jean's campfire programs. Scarcely an evening went by without the introduction of some new skit or novelty number that made an instantaneous hit with the audience. These ranged from the extremely light and laughable to the opposite extreme, such as her recitations of "Qu'appele" and "David."

Clad in blue jeans and buckskin jacket, with wide-brimmed hat tilted over her dark curls, and swinging a song-sheet rhythmically to the accompaniment of the accordion, Jean will leave a lovely and lasting image in our campfire memories.

To her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Stewart, of Fort William; her sister, Kathleen, of Toronto, and brothers, A. R. Stewart, of Senneville, Que., and Kenneth A. Stewart, of Fort William, the Trail Riders extend their deepest and sincerest sympathies.

Helen Harbison Dies After Brief Illness



Trail Riders learned with deep regret of the passing, October 15th, of Miss Helen Derr Harbison, of Philadelphia, Pa., following a brief illness.

A leader in charitable and civic affairs, Miss Harbison was a director and vice-president of the Community Fund and a member of the executive committee of the Council of Social Agencies. She was also a director of the Harbison Dairies.

A life member of the association, with more than 2,500 miles of trail riding to her credit, Miss Harbison was a highly popular member of the annual rides which she attended regularly in the early 1940's. She made her last trip with the Trail Riders in 1944.

Much of her mileage was earned on private pack trips. Possessing a genuine love of the trails, Miss Harbison and her sister Anne, who survives, had covered most trails in the Banff-Lake Louise-Jasper territory. She was also a frequent visitor to Kananaskis Ranch.



"Townsend" Time Is Here Again

MANY of us toted cameras along on this year's trail rides. And many of us took a fair amount of photos—even during the sunless first ride. But only one of us will have the opportunity of capturing the big Townsend Trophy, awarded each year for what the judges consider the "Pic of the Ride."

And that one could just as well be you as anyone else—and we hope it is. So we respectfully suggest that you make yourself comfortable, line up your prints, wipe that nostalgic tear from your eye, and select what you think might be a likely prospect or prospects.

To the victor go the following spoils: (1) a handsome silver trophy with name of winner inscribed (2) winner's name inscribed on the big trophy itself which is displayed in Banff Springs Hotel (3) mounted enlargement of the prize-winning photo (4) page-wide reproduction of winning photo in the Bulletin.

The trophy itself, donated by Reginald S. Townsend, of New York, a Charter Member of the Trail Riders, will be pre-

MURRAY GIBBON LAUDED

(Continued from page 17)

one who has been a member of the Canadian Authors Association for even a few years can fail to have some sense of personal loss.

"It is sad to think that we shall never again see that solid, heavy figure plod up the aisle to the platform, that we shall never again watch that massive, impassive face look down at us with an indefinable hint of humor, or hear that surprisingly soft and gentle voice hammer away at the themes for which his stolid enthusiasm never cooled. John Murray Gibbon was a rare and unusual character—one who inspired confidence and affection, but not intimacy—one who was always fighting quiet battles, but seldom inflicting painful wounds."

Though not an active member of the association for several years, Miss Harbison never lost interest in the organization with which she had spent so many happy hours both in camp and on the trail. She is a former member of the council.

Her sister, Anne, also wears the 2,500 mile button, is a life member and was, until recently, a member of the council.

sented at the annual Pow-Wow on the athletic grounds of Banff Springs Hotel. The gleaming walls of the trophy carry the name of each year's winner since 1929.

Like other contests there are a few rules to observe. Photos must be printed in black and white, on glossy finish, preferably size 5"x7" or 8"x10". The sender should have a "nom-de-plume" printed clearly on the reverse side of each photo and the date submitted. A *sealed* envelope accompanying the entry or entries, should include a slip of paper on which is printed the sender's bona fide name and address as well as the "nom-de-plume". This will not be opened until after the judging is completed.

The winning photo will be selected by a panel of three judges, none of whom is a member of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, and the winner notified promptly. Closing date is February 1st, 1953. Now is the time to act. You may be the winner. Please send entries to the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alta. Your photos will be carefully filed and returned if requested.

Hats Off to Our New Executive!

★ ★ ★ ★ SIX MEMBERS ARE ELEVATED TO COUNCIL

WE'D like to give you all a big pat on the back. But unfortunately we can't reach you from here . . . or here.

But we can send—via the printed word—hearty congratulations and salutations to the noble band of incoming officers elected at the conclusion of this year's second ride. And we feel sure that these sentiments will be shared by all readers.

These officers are not simply picked at random. To qualify for a position on the executive, council and the various committees, a member must prove, in no uncertain terms, his or her capabilities and willingness to promote the interests of the association.

Inasmuch as we have the status of a "non-profit" organization, we must depend upon our rank and file to get the job done—if only for the love of doing it. In this respect, we feel that those newly-elected officers will pitch in with the zeal of their predecessors.

And now, let's line them up for review.

In the first place, we have a brand new president—Dr. H. J. Vanek, of Menomonie, Wis., whose story is told elsewhere in this issue. Dr. Vanek is succeeded as a vice-president by C. S. McNair, a popular fellow from Great Falls, Mont., who did a superb



job as acting president of this year's first ride.

Six members have been elevated to the council. They are Mrs. Charles "Nan" Douglas, Calgary, Alta.; J. A. Kyles, Vancouver, B.C.; Miss Dorothy Muirhead, Hastings, Minn.; Miss Jean Willox, Vancouver, B.C.; J. H. McIver, Wainwright, Alta.; J. L. Rea, Southgate, Cal.; Miss Ruth Woolley, Woodbury, N.J. Most have participated in other rides and their inclusion on the council is bound to have a beneficial effect on our next year's rides.

Wallace Kirkland, "Life" magazine cameraman, who photographed the trail ride of 1947, was made an honorary member.

In addition to doffing our 10-gallon hats to the newcomers, we might also take time out to throw a few bouquets at those remaining in office. The fact that their terms of office have been extended for another year is sufficient proof of their capabilities and personal popularity.

A new name has also been added—as it is every year—to the list of ex-presidents. This year it's C. M. "Jock" Smith of West Vancouver, B.C., who led the six-day ride to success and sunshine. As a newly appointed member of the trail committee, we can look forward to Jock's good counsel in future discussions in the "Big Tent".

To all officers-elect: we wish a happy and successful term of office. To those going out we say thanks for a job well done.

FOR BETTER NIGHTS

● Trail riders desiring extra comfort at night are advised to bring along an inflating mattress or safari (folding) bed, either of which can be packed conveniently into camp.

Though many prefer to make their own mattresses out of springy spruce boughs, there are some who discover—too late—that they wish they had brought along something more elaborate.

The articles mentioned above can be purchased at most hardware or sporting goods establishments. They are not available in camp. Sleeping bags, however, can be rented for \$5.00 each for the camp's duration.

Rubber ground sheets, blankets and flanellette sheets are supplied gratis by the association.

It's Helen Ramsay — Again!



● Congratulating Helen Ramsay, of Edmonton, Alta., on winning the Townsend Trophy is beginning to sound like a broken record. And speaking about breaking records, that's exactly what Helen has done by winning the trophy for the third year. She is the only member of the Association whose name has appeared on the big silver cup more than twice since it first was awarded in 1929. Winning photo — best for the '51 ride — shows riders homeward bound after a day on the trails. Entries for the 1952 contest are now being solicited.



Miss Ramsay receives the Townsend Trophy from the late Dr. Gibbon at a presentation in 1949 when she was a second-time winner.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP EMPHASIZED

Finances Discussed at '52 Meet



THE DOLLAR sign figured prominently at this year's annual meeting of the executive and council. The subject of finances was given a thorough airing with the accent on everything from annual membership dues to the annual trail ride fee.

In view of mounting costs, it was decided to boost the 1953 trail ride fee by \$5.00 (See page 9). It was also decided to place more emphasis on the collection of dues in all cases where trail riders desire to perpetuate their membership.

The need for purchasing new tepees and other camp equipment was an important factor governing the council's decision. It was hoped that the additional revenue, resulting from the increased ride fee and revitalized membership drive, would enable the association to add five or six new units to next year's tepee camp.

For the information of members, we have four basic sources for collecting revenue. These consist of (1) annual membership, (2) association's share of ride fee, (3) rental of sleeping bags and (4) sale of trail ride buttons.

These items of revenue are offset by such expenses as payments to outfitter, insurance premiums, replacement of equipment, laundering of sleeping bags, sheets and blankets, printing of trail ride tickets, tags and passenger lists, purchase of trail ride buttons and photograph trophies.

You will note that trail ride dues constitute the major share of our revenue. In some cases, the response from members has not been altogether too gratifying. We prefer to think of this, however, as an oversight rather than lack of interest in the association.

Article 6 of the Constitution sets forth the following terms in connection with membership dues:

"Section 4—The annual general dues of the Order shall be \$2.00 and shall be paid not later than the annual camp of each year. Members who shall fail to make payment within thirty (30) days thereafter shall

cease to be in good standing, and, furthermore, shall be notified of such failure by the Secretary-Treasurer.

"If within fifteen (15) days after said notice is mailed said dues shall remain unpaid, the Council shall have power to take such action as it may deem proper, and until such action is taken all rights of the member are suspended.

"The Secretary-Treasurer shall collect membership dues when final payment for any Trail Ride is made.

"Any person elected to membership in the Order shall pay his dues within thirty (30) days thereafter, otherwise his election shall be void."

● *Annual membership dues are principal source of revenue. Notices to be sent to all members early in 1953 . . . Many privileges associated with membership, including right to represent group on executive or council, wear the trail riders insignia and receive magazine.*

Commencing early in 1953, notices will be mailed to each member on the current mailing list with a reminder that the annual membership fee is now payable. Though deadline for payment, as specified by the Constitution is "not later than the annual camp" it will facilitate matters greatly to receive each subscription by return mail.

Membership carries with it the privilege of running for any office in the executive, council or committees; of wearing the Order's mileage buttons, of receiving three issues of the Bulletin annually, and of being part of a closely-knit fraternity of outdoor lovers who share your own interests.

Payment of membership dues will be acknowledged by receipt and official membership card. Wherever possible, payments should be made by check.

Flowers Were His Career

EXOTIC BLOOMS DEVELOPED BY FRANK LOWE

by ANN BARRETT

SOMETIMES when you haven't seen an old friend for over a period of years, you fail to recognize him as time goes on. Not so with Frank Lowe, recently retired head-gardener of Banff Springs Hotel, whose familiar face is known to many a Trail Rider, and who never seems to change or grow older, as the seasons come and go.

For the past 37 years his green thumb has been magically at work on the terrace Gardens above the hotel's swimming pool, producing the beautiful and colorful "Nemesia Strumosa" blooms, which through his special hybridizing technique have developed into an exotic variety of colors.

These lovely specimens were originally brought over from South Africa, about the time Frank first commenced his hotel garden career, and they now range in colors from snow-white to the brilliance of lemon-yellow, orange, salmon, mauve, and American Beauty red.

When queried about the success of his endeavors in a short summer season, Frank modestly claims that anyone can acquire the same results with fertile soil, sunshine and water—and then leave the rest to Mother Nature!

It is a true saying that "a garden reflects one's personality", and this versatile man of the soil has by no means restricted or limited the cultivation of his gardens to one type of flower. Here one finds many varieties growing including the exquisite rose-pink, red and mauve "Viscaria", and a host of other compatible color-combinations comprising lobelias in blue, white and cochineal-red hues, and forget-me-nots, as blue as the Albertan sky above.

Thriving wonderfully in the indoor conservatories in a perfectly controlled temperature are many rare specimens. There's the superb pink, white and mauve "schizanthus",



"Anybody can grow flowers," says Frank Lowe. "Just follow a few simple rules and leave the rest to Mother Nature." He is seen above in the conservatory of Banff Springs Hotel where he had been head gardener for years.

sometimes called the "butterfly flower". Also the wax-like tuberous "semper florens" begonias and the trailing "Lloydii" type; and circling the sunken fish-pond, one finds pyramids of trailing fuschias, ivy, ferns and other gems highlighting the beauty of this floral indoor arrangement.

So with a warm handshake, we doff our Stetsons to veteran Frank Lowe, whose life-time job of gardening helped to nurture so much beauty at this famous alpine resort hotel in the Canadian Rockies.

● There's no time like the present for acquiring that new trail ride button! With a new supply just received, we can fill orders promptly for all classifications. What's more the buttons can be purchased for the same low prices.

The buttons are available as follows: 50 miles, bronze, \$2.50; 100 miles, silver, \$3.50; 250 miles, silver and enamel, \$4.00; 500 miles, gold, \$5.00; 1,000 miles, gold and enamel, \$6.00; 2,500 miles, all enamel, \$6.00.



Dr. J. M. Gibbon

FOR a century and a half after Wolfe and Montcalm fought on the Heights of Abraham, French-speaking Canadians and those who spoke English stood far apart, misunderstanding and distrusting one another. Then, a Ceylon-born Scotsman came to Montreal, noted the unhappy situation and took steps to remedy it. That Scotsman was James Murray Gibbon, who died the other day.

If the two dominant races in Canada are on better terms, today, than they were forty years ago—and they are—thanks are due, in very considerable degree, to Mr. Gibbon for his intelligent, persistent and unobtrusive work. Nor was the work confined to bringing Canadians of French and British origin closer together. It embraced all Canadians of whatever racial origin. It can be said with truth of Murray Gibbon that Canada was the better for his having lived of it—and it is no small thing to be able to say that of any man. Murray Gibbon wasn't interested in money, for himself at any rate. But he left Canada richer than he found her. He was a railway publicity man but an unusually broad-gauge one.

* * *

Murray Gibbon served Canada in Canada for nearly forty years, and before that he served the Canadian Pacific Railway in Europe for six years, traveling widely on the Continent. Before joining the CPR, he had been with the London Illustrated News and Black and White. More than a dozen books bear his name on the title page. How, in the midst of a very busy life, he managed to do so much writing and accomplish the research necessary for the writing is a mystery. For he never seemed to be

Murray Gibbon Played The Development of



flustered, never in a hurry. Yet, the volumes rolled along, year after year: novels like "Drums Afar" and "Eyes of a Gypsy," historical works like "Steel of Empire," a history of the CPR, and "The Romance of the Canadian Canoe," works involving literary research like "Melody and the Lyric," which discusses English lyric poetry from Chaucer to Herrick. Besides, there was an important book on the Canadian social pattern, "Canadian Mosaic," as well as various volumes on folklore, folk songs and handicrafts. In addition, Mr. Gibbon was a poet of no mean ability.

* * *

He gave up writing novels some years before his death. Novels, he said, had a short life and a merry one. In nine months they were dead. History lived longer. But his great interest was the study of the Canadian national fabric, the digging up of folklore, the collecting of folk songs and the

● The article, emphasizing Dr. Gibbon's many contributions to Canada's cultural development, appeared in the Vancouver Province shortly after Dr. Gibbon's passing in Montreal. Written by D. A. McGregor, the article appeared under the appropriate heading: "Murray Gibbon — Canadian."

recording of old tunes to which he supplied new words with a Canadian theme. One of his labors that helped bring to English-speaking Canada a knowledge of French Canada was his collection and translation of French-Canadian folk songs. He also placed French Canada in his debt through his encouragement of habitant handicrafts, particularly wood-carving and weaving.

The news stories recording Mr. Gibbon's death have already told of his founding of the Canadian Authors Association and the Trail Riders. But he was much more than the founder of the Canadian Authors Association. He was the organization's most active and enthusiastic member. He cherished it. He kept it moving. He encouraged its members. He helped organize its conventions and saw to it that transportation was never lacking.

Leading Role In Our Cultural Life

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The Trail Riders Mr. Gibbon used for a particular purpose of his own. It was his theory, advanced and supported in "Melody and the Lyric" that English poets down to Cavalier time wrote their songs and verses with tunes running through their heads. He discovered a musical background to "Piers Plowman" and noted that Sydney's and Ben Johnson's lyrics followed Huguenot psalm tunes.

Murray Gibbon was not slow to learn the lesson of his own research. So, when he wrote songs himself, he wrote them with a "tune in his head." He had a plan for modernizing Canadian folk songs and the songs of various national groups, giving them Canadian settings, and he made use of the Trail Riders' campfires for working out and testing these new songs.

His "Romance of the Canadian Canoe" has a Vancouver touch, and brings in Pauline Johnson and the Lost Lagoon. "Canadian Mosaic" is an effort to warn Canada away from the melting pot. The new peoples coming to us, Mr. Gibbon points out, are bringing cultural warp and woof of the highest value. We should weave it into our national fabric, not burn it away.

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Then there were the folk festivals and handicraft demonstrations that he promoted all across the country with a view to persuading Canada of the value of her mosaic: French folk songs for English communities, English songs for the French, Highland gatherings for Banff with piping and dancing and games, and sea festivals at the seaports.

At Banff, one year, Mr. Gibbon invited "R. J.," The Province's Rhynd Jamieson, then set a Highland pipe band to play jigs and strathspeys and Highland Flings under the guest's window at 4 o'clock in the morning. R. J. tried to sleep and couldn't. He called up his host and protested.

"But what shall I do with them, R. J.?" Mr. Gibbon asked. "They insist on playing to you."

"Haven't you any hills at Banff?" R. J. answered. "Send them there. That is where these fellows belong."

To Banff

What men of vision came this way in
bygone years
To found a spot as beautiful as dreams;
Perched in the sky, midst mighty
mountains cold
Swift torrents, green-blue lakes and
cooling streams;
Frowned down upon by winter-driven
snows,
Yet heated by the friendly sun's bright
beams,
Where creatures of the wild, unafraid
of man,
Roam unmolested mid the joyous throngs
Of people, toil-weary, resting from
their work,
With no temerity, nor thought of any
wrongs.
O Banff, the beautiful! Rightly named
art thou,
"Playground of the Clouds," Land of
peace and rest,
Lovely and serene, Nature's work
enhanced
By man. Land of towering peaks and
scented pine,
Land of nature undefiled and yet
advanced;
Where the majestic Rockies almost
overawe
That pygmy man; Yet here man's been
abroad
To aid in Nature's grandeur so that
other men
May better understand the works of God.
What more can mortal being want
than this?
To be allowed to share such boundless
gifts
Of majesty and grandeur, and enjoy,
beside,
What other men with foresight and
good sense
Have fashioned for his pleasure and
his pride.
So Banff the Beautiful, rest calmly and
benign,
Amid your craggy peaks and torrents
green,
Your 'ternal snows, your hot springs
and your pines,
Your brilliant sun where man may loaf
and preen,
Proud and content to know that men
your bounties laud,
And offer grateful thanks for you,
up to their God.

GEORGE RITSON-BENNETT



• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '52 •

First Ride: — Continued from page 2.

WILLSON, Miss Franny, 668 Halfmoon Rd., Birmingham, Mich.
 WILDE, Miss Lila, Highlawn, Lenox, Mass.
 YODER, Miss Mary, 330 Montier Rd., Glenside, Pa.

Second Ride:

BRISTOL, Miss Naomi, 409 Vesta Drive, Toronto, Ont.
 CHETWYND, A., 53 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
 CLARKE, Harold F., 6016 Sandwood St., Long Beach, Cal.
 COSTELLO, John, 52 Sunnyside, Montreal, Que.
 CRUMP, Miss Ann, 12 Kilburn Cresc., Montreal, Que.
 DIVERTY, Marshall H., 501 Cooper St., Camden, N.J.
 DOUGLAS, Chas., 2001 — 23rd St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 DOUGLAS, Mrs. Chas., 2001 — 23rd St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 EGGERTSON, Miss Asta, 256 Waterloo St., Winnipeg, Man.
 FIEDLER, Miss Phyllis, Prescott, Wis.
 FRIEDMAN, Mrs. Paula, 754 Market St., Paterson, N.J.
 FUERST, Mrs. W. A., 5449 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, O.
 GELFAND, Dr. A. S., 209 Fitzpatrick Bldg., Calgary, Alta.
 GILLIES, Miss K. F., 1135 Keith Rd., W. Vancouver, B.C.
 GOULDIE, Miss Rene, 1914 — 34th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 HAYWARD, Mrs. H. W., 2495 Mariette, Montreal, Que.
 HEFFERNAN, Miss Barbara, 4527 Hackett Ave., Long Beach, Cal.
 HISS, Mrs. Berry, Sandy Hook, Conn.
 INNES, Miss Lillian, 811 Royal Ave., New Westminster, B.C.
 JACKSON, Miss Phyllis, 465 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 JONES, Miss Gwyneth G., 368 Keith Rd. East, N. Vancouver, B.C.
 KEMP, Miss Edith D., Provincial Hospital, Ponoka, Alta.
 KEMP, Miss Olive A., 4610 — 48 St., Camrose, Alta.
 KNIGHT, Miss Ethel, P.O. Box 148, Banff, Alta.
 LAIDLAW, F. L., 2414 East 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 LAIDLAW, Miss Lois, 2414 East 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 LAVEREAU, Miss June H., 71 Meadowbank Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 LAW, Miss Alison M., 5527 King's Rd., Vancouver, B.C.
 LORE, Miss Mary, 1621 — 4th St. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
 MACKENZIE, Miss Caroline, 492 Tecumseh Ave., London, Ont.
 MARSDEN, Wm., Film and Photographic Branch, Dept. of Economic Affairs,
 Province of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 McCRACKEN, E. J., 4128 Harvard, Montreal, Que.
 McIVER, J. H., Bank of Montreal, Wainwright, Alta.
 MORRISON, Miss Jessie G., Veterans' Home, Edmonton, Alta.
 MUIRHEAD, Dr. Dorothy I., Hastings, Minn.
 MURRAY, L., P.O. Box 659, Drumheller, Alta.
 MURRAY, Mrs. L., P.O. Box 659, Drumheller, Alta.
 REA, J. L., 3055 Santa Ana, So. Gate, Cal.
 REA, Mrs. J. L. 3055 Santa Ana, So. Gate, Cal.
 RENWICK, J. F., 9 Dwight Ave., Toronto 14, Ont.
 RICHARDS, C. A., 302 — 39th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 ROSS, Miss Rema V., 2256 Rose St., Regina, Sask.
 ROUND, F.W.E., Film and Photographic Branch, Dept. of Economic Affairs,
 Province of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 SHINOFF, Miss Ruth, 2 Collegeview Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 SMITH, C. M., 2368 Bellevue, West Vancouver, B.C.
 TEES, Mrs. Gertrude, 2925 Oak St., Vancouver, B.C.
 THOMPSON, Dr. D. W., 1212 — 5th St. W., Calgary, Alta.
 TWEEDIE, Miss Audrey S., 34 Alexander St., Ottawa, Ont.
 WILLIAMS, Miss A. E., 3876 West 35th Ave., Vancouver 13, B.C.
 WOLFENDEN, Mrs. L. C., 175 Lyndhurst Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.
 WOOLLEY, Miss Ruth, 38 Curtis Ave., Woodbury N.J.



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DR. H. W. PRICE, Calgary, Alta.
DR. C. W. PROWD, Vancouver, B.C.
DR. GEO. REA, Saskatoon, Sask.
CARL RUNGIUS, Banff & New York
GEORGE VAUX, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
J. M. WARDLE, Ottawa, Ont.
WALTER D. WILCOX, Chevy Chase, Md.

● This issue marks a new departure for the Bulletin. We have omitted—for what we think good reason—the membership lists which normally fill up the last few pages.

By resorting to this action we were able to include more reading and photographic material than otherwise would have been possible without exceeding our 32-page limit. It is hoped the change—which is only temporary—will be favorably received by our readers.

Membership lists will appear as usual in the next edition—with the necessary revisions. New names will be added, others deleted, and still more transferred to new mileage classifications.

It will be appreciated if all members whose names are incorrectly spelled, or whose addresses are incorrectly listed, advise the editor as soon as possible after error has been discovered.